

# The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY

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## Congratulations to Earnest Women

New York State has voted in favor of woman suffrage by an overwhelming majority.

This vote is an honor to every man that voted for justice to women, to every man whose ballot expressed respect for his mother and the mothers of other men.

The great vote for suffrage which has grown so marvelously in a short time is a tribute and a glory to the earnest women of the State of New York.

In their campaign, unmoved by discouraging abuse, giving time, effort and vitality to the holy cause of justice, they have set an example to all men.

This newspaper believes that this magnificent vote in New York is the forerunner of national suffrage for women to be voted by the Congress of the United States.

THE THANKS OF THE NATION'S WOMEN ARE DUE TO PRESIDENT WILSON, WHOSE STRONG MESSAGE IN FAVOR OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE INFLUENCED GREAT NUMBERS OF NEW YORK VOTERS.

## "Without Military Significance"

With These Three Words the Killing of Americans Is Described.

Three Americans were killed, five wounded, twelve made prisoners. Military dispatches say that this incident is "without military significance."

It IS without military significance, for the United States. But it is NOT without military significance for Prussia.

In the course of his murderous outburst, the Kaiser has reached as far as the United States. And these deaths of American soldiers are the first American results of the Hohenzollern belief that an imperial moral, physical, and mental cripple, with a vicious half idiot son, can rule the civilized world.

Without MILITARY significance, if the experts will have it so, but with great historical significance, is this killing of American citizens.

These three men being dead, the United States will do one of two things—go ahead until Prussia and Prussianism are crushed and eliminated as powers in the world, or confess to cowardice and weak will.

It is not necessary to say WHICH the United States will do.

When it asked the men of this country to go to Europe and fight, it asked them, saying: "We are sending you to CONQUER Germany."

And the sending and the spending and the fighting will continue until Germany IS CONQUERED.

It is not pleasant to think of those three young Americans killed, mutilated, of the five wounded, now suffering, and of the twelve most to be pitied, made captives by the Prussians.

The brothers of these men will do their duty, and military significance will attach to this first killing of those that sought no quarrel, and were forced into it by a brutal, bloody Hohenzollern maniac.

## Using the American Flag For Political Advertising

Does Not Suit the Average American—and This Morning's Choice Collection of New York Editors Know It.

On Saturday, in this column, we called attention to the fact that in New York city, Hearst, with his newspapers, as fighting the entire collection of New York newspapers, Herald, World, Sun, Times, Post, Globe, Mail, Telegram, and all the rest.

And with no great risk we ventured this prophecy concerning this fine collection of editors, "On Wednesday they will be explaining to their readers how it happened that Hearst administered a first-class thrashing to the whole newspaper pack combined."

THIS is Wednesday, and you know what happened in New York. The Hearst candidate is elected by a plurality of one hundred and fifty thousand, and the candidate of all the other newspapers combined, who was presented to the public wrapped from head to foot in the American flag, and singing "The Star-Spangled Banner," has gone into the waste basket.

The situation in New York is this: People there, as elsewhere, know sincerity when they see it.

Hearst's evening newspaper has at least as many separate readers as all these other newspapers combined, and it has the additional advantage of possessing its readers' confidence.

Hearst's morning newspaper, THE NEW YORK AMERICAN, has the biggest morning circulation in New York city, and between the two they disposed neatly of the entire collection of New York editors.

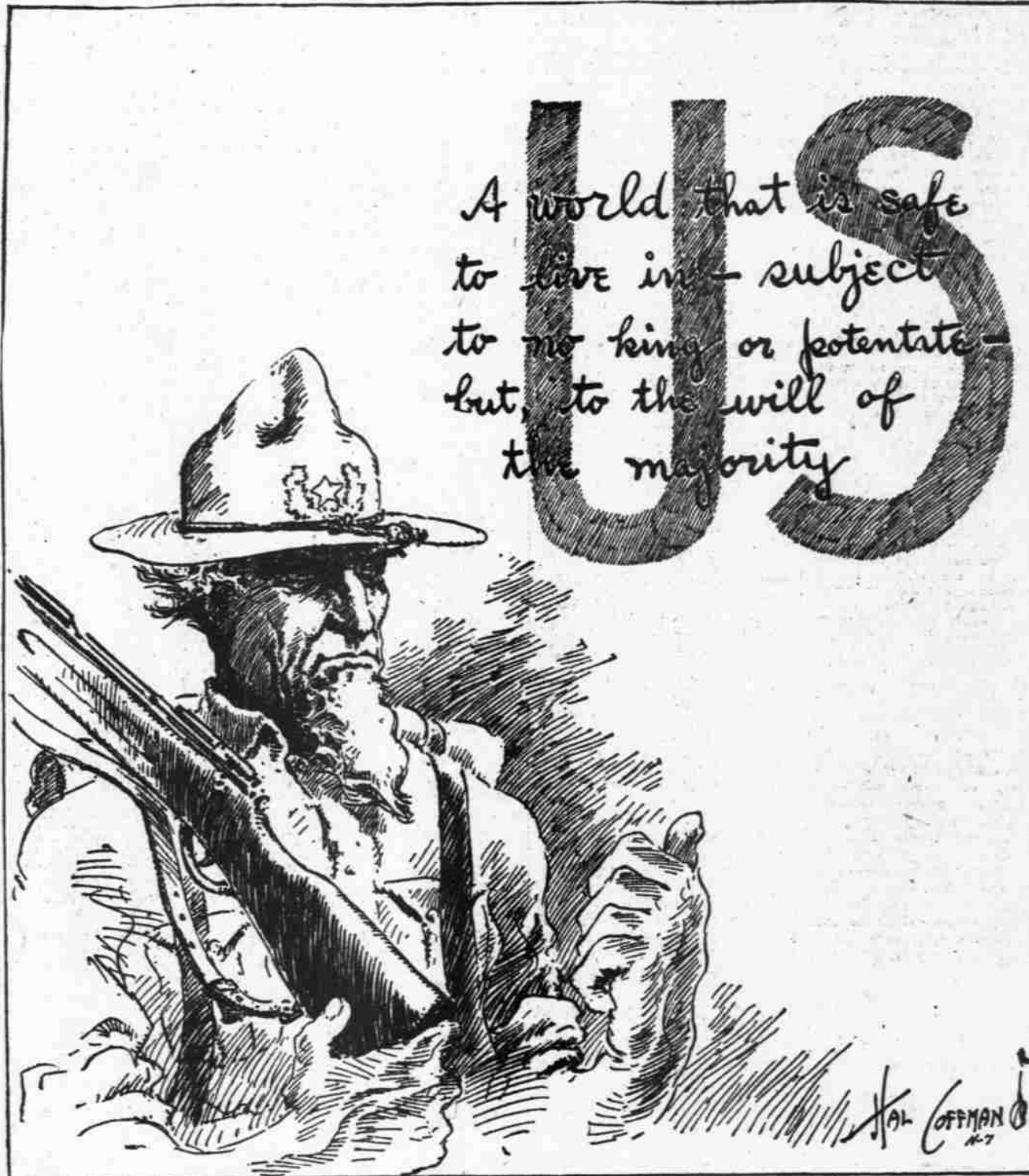
This is just a casual observation, not news. It has happened often before and will happen often again.

"Es liebt die Welt das Strahlende zu schwarzen," if we may be permitted to quote a line from Goethe in war time.

New York editors who have earned the confidence of Wall Street, but not that of their readers, will find once more

(Continued at Bottom of Last Column.)

## That's US



## Mrs. Wilson Woodrow Shows Value of Dramatic Sense

World Generally Takes Man at His Own Estimate, and Many Mediocre Persons Climb Above Their Fellows by Presenting Themselves in an Impressive Light—Czar Nicholas an Example of the Unimpressive Type.

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." In other words, he presents to the world his own conception of himself. And the world accepts him at his own valuation. All of us in our experience have seen some one putting it across with no apparent equipment, and have wondered and admired; and we have all seen real gifts and real talent fall of recognition. We have pondered over this injustice, and marveled at the strange workings of destiny. But there is a reason. My own humble theory is, that the mediocre but successful people possess an invaluable something which the gifted but unrecognized lack, and that is a sense of drama.

We will stand anything in the way of pose or pretense, provided it is carried off artistically. For the bad actor, either on or on the stage, "Boos" shall be his portion. Have you ever met a real genius, one acclaimed so by the world because of his or her transcendent gifts? They are as scarce as hen's teeth, but their invariable and distinguishing characteristic is that they are entirely simple, natural and unaffected. They don't have to be anything else. Nevertheless, they are dramatic; for that is the role of genius. There is the drama of achievement.

Czar Nicholas an Example of Men Who Lack Dramatic Instinct.

Poor little Emperor Nicholas of Russia is an example of those who are lacking in the dramatic instinct. Pallid and underized and trembling at his own shadow, he did not at all fill the popular idea of a Czar. If he had been a big, blustering brute with a loud voice and a scowl, it would have been a much more difficult matter to have dislodged him from his throne. People will stand for an autocrat, but never for a counterfeit of one. The same thing is true of Louis XVI of France. Old Louis XIV understood the game better. He knew the deuce was coming, but he died with his head on his shoulders.

The successful men and women of the world, either consciously or unconsciously, have always realized the value of dramatic effect.

They have looked and acted the part—made the picture, as the stage saying goes. I don't suppose for a moment that George Washington ever attitudinized before a mirror, or purposely brushed back his hair from his forehead. But if you don't think that serene, lofty brow, that classic profile and that stately bearing of his had anything to do with his fame, try to imagine a fat, low-browed man with a snub nose and a walrus mustache ever being regarded as the Father of His Country.

Andrew Jackson embodied in his careless attire and uncouth manners what constituted in his day the popular conception of rugged honesty. There were other men of his time no doubt just as square, just as forceful, just as patriotic as he; but gnarled and sturdy in appearance and speech he looked and acted the part of "Old Hickory."

There is nothing discreditable or belittling in all this. These men were guilty of no affectation or of pretending to be something that they were not. They simply emphasized in their actions and appearance those inner qualities which characterized them. It was probably quite unconscious on their part. They were merely obeying their instinctive sense of drama.

No one would ever suggest, for instance, that there was anything studied about the personal peculiarities of General Grant. Yet what an effect of bulldog tenacity was given by that tightly clenched cigar between his grim lips, and of stern deliberation by his silences. With his square-set figure and square, bearded face, he symbolized to the nation an impregnable bulwark.

Is it not possible that in the very assumption of autocracy which he gave lay the secret of that unequalled power that the late J. P. Morgan wielded for so many years in the world of finance? Big and bold and brusque and masterful, he filled every requirement of the role. Like Lorenzo, the Magnificent, he surrounded himself with treasures of art.

This instinct which some men have properly to stage themselves and whatever they do amounts often to positive genius. I read a story the other day in a current magazine about a public man who had in his possession some extremely sensational information which he was not yet quite prepared to give out. The newspapers, however, had gained an inkling of the facts and the reporters were after him.

He did not seek to avoid them. That would have served as an assurance that he had something he was trying to keep dark. Instead, although he was just out of bed, he sent word that they were to come up to his rooms. The place was flooded with morning sunshine. He came out from his bathroom to greet them, arrayed in the scantiest of garments and rubbing his head with a towel. The psychological effect was one of frank informality, so utterly opposed to any suggestion of concealment that he practically had the battle won before he spoke a word. Those shrewd, experienced newspaper men were impressed with the idea that there was nothing to discover, and asked him only a few perfunctory questions which he was easily able to turn aside. Yet his ruse was not the result of forethought. It was a spontaneous inspiration born of his natural dramatic quality. People everywhere fall into classification as "types," and we expect them to be what they appear. If they fail to measure up to our anticipations, we feel disappointed and defrauded. You see a woman with an oval face, fair hair parted in the middle, dove-like eyes, and an expression appealing and tender; and you expect her to be a Madonna, not a vampire. If she turns out to be a vampire you are much more shocked than if she looked the part.

Where we make a big mistake is in failing either through self-consciousness or timidity to play up to the role to which nature has evidently assigned us. If you are not succeeding, it is because you are playing a part which does not belong to you. You are miscast.

## Once-Overs Start the Day With a Clean Desk

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You have just put off till tomorrow morning something which you should have done today.

You have decided to arise early and get the job done before your regular work begins.

Tomorrow you will arise late, in all probability, and you will be hampered and unstrung all day because of the pressure under which you must work with an extra load from yesterday on your mind.

You will get through the job some way, but will you not slight it, or some of your other work, in order to do so?

Perhaps the extra work which will come to you tomorrow may cause you to make some costly errors and these errors may be just enough, when added to previous mistakes, to keep you from getting the advance you are counting on. Clean up today's work today. Start out tomorrow with tomorrow's work. Have a clean bench or a clean desk to sit down to. Begin even with your work. Don't let it get a handicap on you which will cause you to race all day to keep up.

## Death's Highway

The Baltimore Pike, With Its Fine Surface and Treacherous Curves, Becomes a Man Trap When the Dazzling Headlight Appears. Also, Move the Trolley Poles on the Bladensburg Road.

By EARL GODWIN.

When will the District of Columbia, the State of Maryland, and the automobile drivers co-operate to remove the hand of death from the roads? When will travel by night between here and Baltimore be safe to everyone who rides? When will officials administering the automobile laws give more attention to the protection of lives than to the detection of persons who happen to have the wrong license number on their machines?

Between here and Baltimore there is as fair a stretch of road as anyone could wish. A paradise for automobilists; an irresistible temptation to speeders. A splendid surface, it invites everyone with a car to spin along with the reckless abandon which nearly every driver feels in open country with a clear road.

The Baltimore pike is not straight. Its length contains some of the most treacherous of curves. They have been the scene of the most awful automobile accidents. No death's head sign at these turns could be made too large or too lurid to warn the automobile driver what to expect if he takes chances. The smooth road and the bad curves are all that is needed to provide at almost regular intervals the kind of accidents which have marred the pike for years.

Under such conditions to travel on that road with dazzling headlights is criminal. It frequently becomes murderous. To have the rays of a powerful searchlight shot squarely in one's eyes on a dark road at night is temporary paralysis as far as control of a car is concerned. And it is a dazzling headlight which has been charged responsible for one of the two accidents this week in which lives were lost and serious hurts inflicted. At the time this is written, "search is being conducted to find the car with the headlights." It is a burning shame that such a car should ever have been permitted upon the Baltimore pike.

Maryland has a headlight law, making the operator of a glaring headlight a criminal. The District of Columbia has had such a regulation for years. We can only hope that Maryland will take effective steps to stop the murderous abuse of the law; the District of Columbia is doing fairly well. To both authorities we can say that small fines will never correct the evil. No man should be allowed to run a car that imperils the lives of others.

On the same night that a dazzling headlight killed two and wounded three, a man ran into a trolley pole on the Bladensburg road. He died.

THE TIMES SUGGESTS THAT ALL CENTER POLES BE REMOVED TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. THE COST OF THE REMOVAL CAN IN NO SENSE BE COMPARED TO THE LOSS OF LIVES.

## HEARD AND SEEN

While on Capitol Hill a few days ago I saw an ice wagon bearing the name "J. R. Ferris."

How it took me back. "Mister Johnny," we used to call this veteran ice man when I was a kid at the Peabody School. I'll bet that if the man who rode on the back step of Mister Johnny's ice wagon and sucked pieces of ice that fell beneath the master strokes of the old ice pick could be marshaled in one organization it would be as doughty a legion as ever man laid eyes upon.

Richard V. Watrous has been doing a bit of volunteer food conservation work, talking to farmers. "Do you see any results?" I asked him one day at the Shoreham.

"Yes, I do," he said; "I remember telling a group of farmers that eating four pieces of bread in place of five would be the equivalent of feeding a soldier on the soil of France. After the meeting a prosperous farmer came to me and said his family had been using ten barrels of flour a year, but that he intended to allow only eight barrels this coming year."

So there are two barrels for Europe, anyhow.

In front of the National Theater there is a police sign: "Do not put implicit faith in what strangers tell you. The most polite informant may be the most adroit and skilled impostor."

Now, a man was reading that sign with evident interest. Major Pullman, Superintendent of Police, noticed him, and getting close beside the man, he asked:

"What do you think of that?" To which the other fellow replied: "I think it's mighty good advice, and I think I'll act upon it right now."

And with a look of intense suspicion and deep distrust he walked away, casting a baleful glance upon our youthful police chief.

And for this story I have Major Pullman's own word that it is true.

Dr. Muck's orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the New National Theater yesterday without any visible distortion of the artistic atmosphere.

Postmaster M. O. Chance says he realizes clerks are hard to obtain for postoffice drug stores at the money the Government "is willing to offer."

Shades of old newspaper row! Bob Barry is opening his Philadelphia Ledger bureau in 501 Fourteenth street.

How the ghosts of old-time journalists haunt that building. Yet Bob's will be the first newspaper office under that roof in many years.

Using the American Flag for Political Advertising (Continued from First Column.) when their blackening process is over that the mud sticks to their hands.

P. S. The country will be interested if the facts come out about the amount of money that Wall Street and the corporations raised and spent to elect the defeated corporation candidate.

An active prosecuting attorney would have no trouble in sending a few prosperous gentlemen to jail if he could get the facts. The sum is gigantic and it is going to be pretty hard to explain, even with reasonable allowance for perjury and reticence, how and why it was raised and spent.